The Spirit and the Flesh.

By G. A. Copp.

A continual warfare seems to be waging between the Spirit and the flesh.

The spirit tries to serve God, and extol His Holy name, while the flesh not only tries to live a mean depraved life himself, but tries to induce the spirit also to follow depravity. The flesh seeks and loves the applause of man, while the spirit's delight is to praise the Lord, yet some good men may praise the spirit, but it does not elate, or cause him to seek the praise of man. The flesh is always the first to rush into battle, and either the first to desert or to be left lying on the field. The true spirit never goes into battle without the whole armour of the Lord Jesus Christ on, and always comes out victorious. The flesh when in a crowd strains at swallowing a gnat, but when in the dark, behind the chimney, swallows a camel. The Spirit has an even tenor in the dark as well as when the sun shines. The flesh fills the bushel heaped full and running over, when, in the presence of the spirit, but in his absence scarcely gets it even full, or has, altogether, a smaller measure. The Spirit measures with the measure and measurment, that he expects to be measured with. The flesh is the first at the worldly amusement, but the last to leave home to go to church. The true spirit is never seen at the saloon, the waltz or the gambling den, but endeavors to be in his pew when the minister mounts the pulpit. The flesh is inclined to be egotistical, selfish, and yet boasting of a prediction of failure to almost anything the spirit may undertake to do. Yet the spirit is plucky, taking the tongue lashings calmly. He hears the thunder, and sees the lightning of the flesh, but he has so often seen the same, that he has become accustomed to it. He seized the word, turns his eye to the Cross, and trusts in the Lamb, and the flash strikes in the air.

The flesh breaks in at the back window, while the spirit stands guard at the front door. The flesh is the first to wake in the morning, and the last to go to bed in the evening. He does this in order if possible, to steal the spirit's wardrobe, and if possible deceive the very elect. "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envying, murderers, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." Gal. V.

What a grand truth, against such there is no law! and yet some men will not accept the latter—the works of the spirit.

While some other men—and a majority of them— will transgress the former—the works of the flesh. And against such there is a law—human and divine.

I am sometimes inclined to believe that the flesh is Satan in a new suit of clothes, or his old ones washed up.

Fisher's Hill, Va.

The First Christian Martyr.

The city of Jerusalem had been the scene of much excitement for the past few months.

The crucifixion of a noted person, who had introduced a new doctrine, the strange phenomena occuring at his death, and the mysterious disappearance of his body, was the source of much gossip in the usually quiet city. The doctrine that had been established, was gaining many followers, who were insinuating (?) their ideas into the very hearts of the Jewish priests.

Among the number that were particularly bold, was a man who possessed remarkable wisdom.

The boldness with which he denounces their customs, and the unanswerable arguments used in establishing his own religion, roused to the highest pitch, the indignation of the different sects. The dark eyed people could be seen standing in little groups talking (and gesticulating) in the most excited manner. In their midst was this bold man, declaring in eloquent words, the divine origin of the new doctrine. They crowded around him, and as it is human nature to become angry when defeated, they suddenly seized and carried him into the council. They arraigned him before the high priest, and well did he know the fate that awaited him. The witnesses came forward in a defiant manner, produced their false evidences, and returned looking exultingly on the angelic face of the prisoner. The chief priest of the Sanhedrim desired to know what answer he could make to these charges.

Profound silence reigned throughout the vast assembly as he began to speak. While discussing their laws he reproached them for their inconsistencies. Then their angry looks portrayed the pending danger. They drew close around him and the confusion became intense. Realizing his doom, he looked upward with the eye of faith and saw his master standing at the right hand of God.

When he declared that he saw Jesus, they sprang upon him with a fiendish yell, and dragged him out of the city, where they divested themselves of clothing and proceeded to stone him to death.

As he knelt down bleeding and bruised he prayed the Father not to lay this sin to their charge and sank quietly to rest. Thus died the first Christian martyr.

E. L. Hildebrnd.

International Sunday School Lessons.

BY REV. F. B. HARGREAVES.

Lesson 5. *May 2nd.*

JESUS AT THE WELL.

John iv. 5-26. Golden Text, John iv, 24. Time, December, A. D., 27. Place, Samaria, Jacob's well, near Sychar, at the foot of Mt. Gerizim. Rulers, Tiberius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate, Governor of Judea, Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee.

Tired with His journey the Master stops to rest. His disciples push forward a mile and a half to the bustling town of Sychar to buy food, but the Savior rests in the cool shade by the side of Jacob's well. It was a historic place. On the left, Mt. Gerizim; on the right, Mt. Ebal, rich in their terraced glory of verdure, fruit and grain, in their seasons. Stretching out before Him, the fertile plain; a mile and a half away, the busy town. This was Jacob's well, and the place and neighborhood were full of memories. Abraham and Jacob and Joseph; Abimelech and Joshua and Rehoboam and Jeroboam had all trodden that ground and this was a familiar place to them.

The Master rested at or near the place where these men had lived in the past. The rich beauty of the landscape is singularly attractive, and must have been peculiarly so to one who had a divine appreciation of the beautiful. We can well imagine that the memories of past events and the glory of the natural surroundings were not without effect upon the mind of the weary traveler.

A woman approaches. She carries the usual waterpot and cord to draw water with. Jesus asks her for a drink. This request is a surprise to her, for the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, and Jesus was a Jew. She so expresses herself, when our Lord, by an easy transition, tells her of that living water, drinking which, we "shall never thirst." The perplexity of the woman and her evident desire to learn withal, and the tender teaching of the Master, here form a picture of unrivaled excellence. He was far above the petty strifes and prejudices which embittered the Jews and Samaritans. Indeed, He always showed sympathy and love for this people. It was a Samaritan, being one of the ten lepers which He had healed, who returned to give glory to God. And it was a Samaritan whom He selected as the example of brotherly love in that wonderful parable which is familiar to us all. And here we find Him preachimg the sublime truths of His kingdom to a poor Samaritan woman. In the last verse of the lesson He makes His first direct declaration that He is the Messiah: "Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am He." The first news of His advent to this world was told to the humble shepherds of the plain, and now the first direct statement of His divine character is told to this poor Samaritan woman. He was far above caste and prejudices and local strifes. He came to all the world, poor as well as rich, small as well as great. But more: He chose a woman to whom to reveal His true character. Why not a Rabbi? Woman was not held in high esteem in those days. She was inferior in the social scale. "Let the words of the Law be burned," says Rabbi Eleazer, "rather than committed to women." This was the spirit of the age; it was the lamentable condition of women. Jesus raises high above such terrible injustice, such flagrant wrong, and admits a woman, an humble woman to His teachings. He gives her the place in society to which she has a right, and it is only in the gospel of Christ that she obtains the recognition of her just and equal claims with man. Look at the picture. The Savior of the world sitting on the edge of Jacob's well. Standing near, a Samaritan woman. Note the eager questioning of her face, fair index to the pulsating queries of her heart. Watch the glowing animation of the Master as He tells her those priceless truths which have been the joy of humanity ever since that day. The memories of the past encircle that spot with historic interest and lend to it a potent charm, but all these pale into insignificance before this wondrous story of Jesus at Jacob's well. Those may be forgotten, but these will live forever.

LESSON THOUGTHS.

1. Do not miss an opportunity to do good. Jesus never did.
2. Give up your prejudices, do good to all; imitate Christ in this.
3. Drink deep of the living water.
4. Be willing to learn of Christ and follow His example.

OBITUARY.

MISHLER—Willim Henry Mishler, son of Bro. Wm. Mishler. Crushed to death in a coal mine, Feb. 23rd, 1886, aged 13 years, 2 months, and 19 days. Funeral services by writer.

R. Z. Replogle.

BUSH—Sister Lovina Bush, wife of Edward Bush and daughter of Peter Sell, April 5th, 1886, of consumption, aged 25 years, 11 months, 25 days, she died with a glorious hope and passed peacefully away. Funeral services by writer.

R. Z. Replogle.

HECKMAN.—Died April 7th, 1886. In the Maple Grove congregation, near Rockwell City, Kans., Rosy Lee, daughter of Bro. Keylon and sister Hannah Heckman, aged 5 years, 7 months and 16 days. Services conducted by J. L. Harrader and the undersigned.

M. Lichty.

Fallen Asleep.

MANNING—Near Keezletown, Rockingham Co., Va., Bro. John Manning fell asleep in Jesus, April 7th, 1886, at the age of 75 years, 6 months and several days.

He was a consistent member of the Brethren Church for a number of years. He leaves a wife and two children, and grandchildren, who greatly mourn the loss of one that was so near and dear to them. He was greatly respected by all who knew him. The church feels the loss of one that was so true to the cause of Christ. A large congregation attended the funeral at Keezletown, in the Methodist church, Discourse by the writer, assisted by Bro. Wheeler, Methodist. Text, 2 Timothy, 4:7. I have fought a good fight, &c.

Weep not for me companion dear,
You know what I endured while here.
'Tis true I've left you here to mourn
And never shall to you return.

And you, my children, too, are left,
And like your mother are bereft;
You need not mourn without the hope
That I am safe in Jesus' fold.

Then farewell wife and children too,
Be good and kind and always true,
Yes: walk that straight and narrow way.
And we shall meet in eternity.

Jos. Bowman.

HENDRICKS.—Anna Ethel Hendricks, daughter of Mr. Sanford and Lucy Hendricks, aged 1 year, 6 months and 14 days. Funeral at their house one mile south of Milford, Ind. Text, 119 Psalm 50.

We laid her wan and wasted form
Beneath the whispering leaves to rest,
The angles gently placed her soul,
Among the blessed.

Her little feet had never strayed:
In paths of sin they never trod—
Our precious babe is safe within,
The fold of God.

We love her still and fondly keep
The little clothes she used to wear;
Her cherised toys that make us weep,
The unbidden tear.

We love her still with hallowed love,
Refined and purified with grief,
By sorrow that alone in prayer,
Can find relief.

God help us in these bitter hours:
We cannot bear our grief alone;
Help us while stricken still to say,
Thy will be done.

And while on earth we yet remain,
To battle in the strife,
May we a glorious victory gain,
A crown of life.

Then in that land where Anna's gone,
Beyond this vale of pain,
We all shall meet to journey on,
In life again.

R. F. Mallott.

Milford, Ind., Apr. 10, 1886.